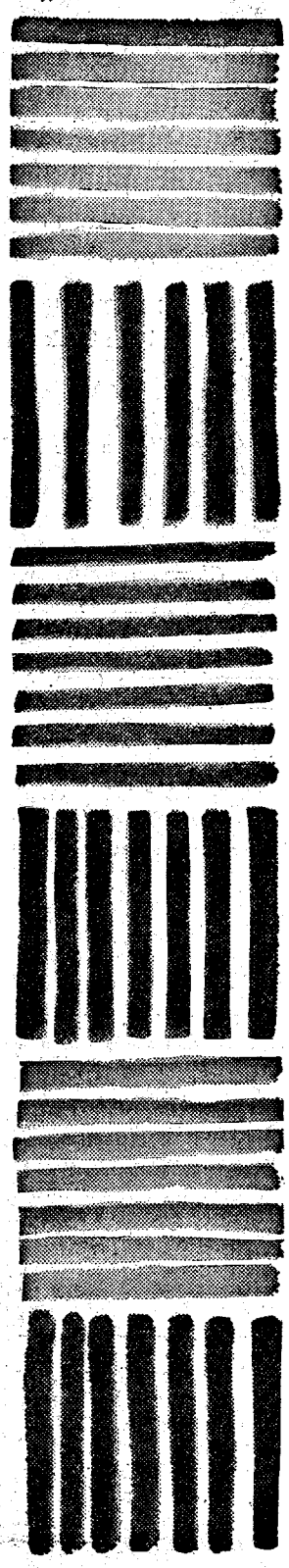
Records of the Year: Benjamin Boretz

THE NATION

December 21, 1963 . . 35c



THE PRICE OF THE AZORES

Henrique Galvao

Texas

THE ROOTS OF THE AGONY

Reece McGee

Television

Stimulant to Violence

Jerome Ellison

'November 26, 1963'

A Poem by Wendell Berry

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LETTERS

Justice and Oswald

Kingston, Canada

Dear Sirs: Apart from the great shock of the President's assassination, we Canadians have suffered a further shock in seeing over our television the murder of justice.

We have been watching for the last few days certain press interviews by the Chief of Police, the District Attorney and everyone who apparently had any knowledge at all of the assassination. If this had happened in Canada, we would have jailed for contempt of court the Police Chief, numerous reporters, several publishers and the operators of the broadcasting stations. . . .

There is a striking difference between American and Canadian procedure with respect to contempt of court. By our law any comment that tends to prejudice the fair trial of the action is contempt and punishable in a summary way by the court trying the case. In the last ten or twelve years we have had a number of cases that illustrate this point. . . .

In each of these cases, the offense was publication of matter or opinion which was no part of the public record and which was likely to prejudice the fair trial of the accused. It is no offense to publish a fair and accurate summary of public judicial proceedings, including a preliminary hearing, no matter how damning the evidence may be. . . .

From this you can see that your views and ours on this subject are radically different. I submit to you the following propositions:

1. The right of the press to information is no higher than the right of the public.

2. The right of the public to be informed is to some slight degree in conflict with the right of the accused to have a fair trial. This conflict can be resolved by postponing the right of the public until the time of the hearing.

3. If the conflict cannot be resolved, then the right of the accused to have a fair trial should take precedence over the right of the public to be informed.

4. In the circumstances of the Oswald case, and considering the coverage given, it would have been impossible within the United States to find an unprejudiced jury. It follows then that the right of the accused to a fair trial was destroyed.

5. I understand your Constitution provides that no person may be condemned except by due process of law. How can you say that due process has been observed when the mind of every juryman and judge has been effectively brainwashed by coverage such as this? . . .

H. L. Cartwright
Barrister and Solicitor

The assassinations

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Two points that the editorials on the Kennedy tragedy thus far seem to have overlooked:

1. The failure of our affluent society to support decent public services is underscored again, this time horribly, by the incompetence of police services. The police of Dallas, underpaid and lacking pensions (according to *The New York Times*), are probably little worse and little better than the average. And so when the monstrous events in that city shock us to the realization of police incompetence too late, many still try to say, "the poor people of Dallas are not responsible." Of course they are responsible. But so too are the people of America responsible. We have never learned to support the public welfare with anything like our support of private welfare. Just as our health services, education and all other public services suffer from paltry support, so do those concerned with public protection against violence. The death of Kennedy is another commentary on America's distorted values and its consequent public irresponsibility.

2. The trigger that killed Kennedy and produced world repercussions that we cannot yet begin to estimate dramatizes a terrible danger of our time that no other time knew. It is just as possible that another trigger, pulled by an equally sick individual whose sickness has never been recognized enough, could blast the world apart.

Theodore Brameld

Misplaced poem

Oneonta, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: In his review of the book *Apollinaire: Poet Among the Painters* by Francis Steegmuller (*The Nation*, Nov. 30), A. Hyatt Mayor quotes two lines of poetry:

Remember me when I am dead.
Simplify me when I am dead.

Reviewer Mayor gives no source for the two lines, but in the context the assumption would be that they were by the poet being considered, Apollinaire. Actually they are by the British poet, Keith Douglas, who also died while serving in the First World War. I am sure the accreditation was merely an oversight, but it is misleading.

W. F. Roberts

Correction

Jack C. Rothwell's article on "The Shorter Workweek" (*The Nation*, Dec. 7) should have carried a note indicating that the article expressed Mr. Rothwell's views only, and was not to be taken as an index of the views of the Federal Reserve Bank.

—Editors.

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The American Condition

The "American character" is at best a nebulous notion — which is one of the reasons for setting up committees on "un-American" activities to enshrine and defend it. Thus it was inevitable, in the wake of the Kennedy assassination, that our national make-up should be examined and found wanting by one set of diagnosticians, while another would focus on our ancient virtues and describe the act as one of isolated lunacy. Better still, Lee H. Oswald was not really an American at all, and America emerges pure and strong, the victim of a foreign invader. "We think," the New York *Daily News* editorialized on Thanksgiving Day, "most Americans are going to go right on hating Reds — and the more so because one of these rodents killed a much-loved young U.S. President."

In more parliamentary language, this is the stand taken by Senator Thruston B. Morton of Kentucky. "It was not a flaw in the American system or the American character that struck down John Kennedy," Mr. Morton declared in the Senate. Oswald was "a stranger to the American heritage" and his "mind had been warped by an alien violence, not by a native condition." Therefore: "let us not mourn for the American soul — for that soul is stout and lighted by truth and faith. . . . What happened was not America's fault."

A comforting declaration — but we cannot wash our hands of Oswald so easily. Assuming that everything happened as the FBI says, he was still a product of Texas (and of New York City), of the American lower-middle class, of the U.S. Marines, and so on. All these places and associations are as American as baseball. He defected, to the extent that he took up residence in the Soviet Union and married a Russian woman, but he was surely the weirdest character that ever avowed himself a follower of Marx. In this phase, moreover, his life followed a predictable cycle; when he returned to the United States he began writing a book denouncing the Soviet Union. Nor was he the self-martyring type of political assassin; like any gangster, he tried to escape and, in trying, he committed a second murder.

No, Oswald, as much as America, had a soul, or character, and it was a part of the vast collective soul of America. Nor was Oswald alone: millions of Americans disliked John F. Kennedy to the point of frenzy. Those millions are inescapably part of the American character. They are not predominant — who ever said they were? But they exist and must be reckoned with. It is no service to the country to ignore them.

There is violence in the American character, probably more than in any other national character. Looking at TV or at our children's toys, who can doubt it? Oswald expressed that violence in his own fashion. Violence can change from the potential state to the kinetic in any part of the country; but the tensions are greatest, and the transitions most likely, in the South. Thus, with all the good will that we know must exist in a city as large as Dallas, there is a kind of social determinism in the fact that the three crimes — the assassination and the subsequent murders — were committed there. It could have been Jackson or Montgomery or New York but, on the record, as Reece McGee demonstrates (p. 427 of this issue), it almost had to be Texas, and in Texas, Dallas.

Rather than rush to the defense of the American character, Senator Morton and other apologists might first try to understand it. They can get some help, if they choose. Two days after the President's assassination a great and good American, John LaFarge, S. J., died, almost unnoticed in the tumult. In 1960 he had said: "I am seriously concerned about the moral fiber of America. I'm more afraid of internal decay than I am of external danger. . . . I see in this country a moral erosion which is the result of our great affluence, our comfortable living, our preoccupation with personal security and our lavish expenditure on luxuries, stimulated by the ever-increasing pressure of advertising." Father LaFarge knew quite a lot about the American condition.

What Now in Vietnam?

Under President Kennedy, American policy in South Vietnam was getting nowhere. It amounted to little more than an indefinite prolongation of failure. No more important matter awaits President Johnson's decision than America's future role in Southeast Asia. It remains to be seen whether he can bring fresh thinking to bear on our problems abroad, or whether he will pursue the old futilities. What he does in Vietnam will be an indication.

But it is not a problem for the President alone. In his interview with J. Robert Moskin of *Look* magazine George F. Kennan reveals that he resigned as ambassador to Yugoslavia because "I don't like to serve an Administration that has been told by Congress it can't aid a country if it wishes to." The aid Kennan had in mind was simply normal commercial intercourse. When, later, he talked to Congressmen, they told him they agreed with his views, but couldn't afford to go back to their constituents and face right-wing charges of being soft on communism. If President Johnson takes steps to end the war in South Vietnam, he will confront the same problem.

In line with his general policy of disengaging in areas where it may be to our advantage, Kennan thinks that getting out of South Vietnam is a policy to be considered. "Let's not overdramatize the results," he says. "Let's look at it realistically. It will be bad, but not as bad as we sometimes think." Evidently Kennan is not frightened by the falling-dominoes bogy.

The situation in South Vietnam should be reassessed

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in the light of Kennan's experience and advice. The Ngo family tyranny is ended, but *The Nation* pointed out repeatedly before the Ngos were overthrown that their removal would be only a first step toward a solution. What we have now is the same police state, the same secret police and arbitrary arrests, the same controlled press, with a military junta directing these operations—and still losing the war. The strategic-hamlet policy is toppling. During November, Viet Cong "incidents" averaged 745 per week, double the rate for the preceding ten months, and the Viet Cong units were larger (*Time*, December 6). The ratio of weapons captured has been running three to one in the Viet Cong's favor. And Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia, a perspicacious observer and prognosticator of Southeast Asian events, has ordered us to end our aid to his country and get our military mission out of there. And our casualties continue to mount.

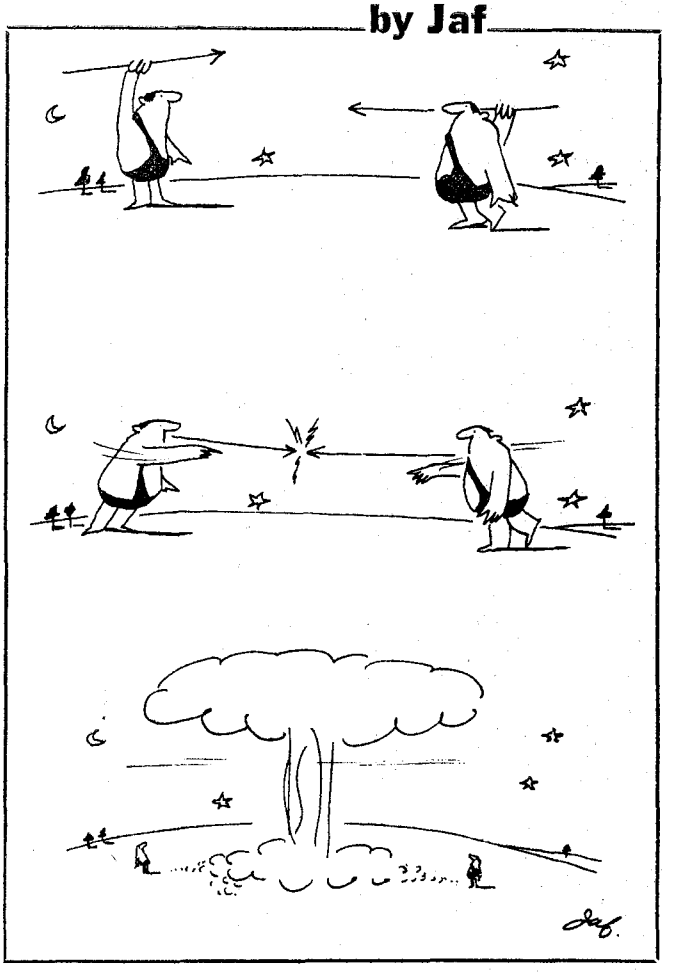
Hanoi is under Chinese pressure to continue the war. Like Sihanouk, Ho Chi Minh is no fool. He knows the Viet Cong cannot win the war. Nor can we. Both sides have the power only to continue the stalemate. Ho certainly has no liking for the role of a Chinese cat's-paw. He is putting out peace feelers, but the South Vietnamese military junta, coupled with our equally obtuse military administration in Saigon, is deaf, dumb and blind. They continue to pursue a victory that recedes as fast as they pursue it.

There must be a negotiated peace, or worse will befall. President Johnson is in much the same position as President Eisenhower was with respect to Korea in 1952. The ensuing peace has been unsatisfactory to both sides—but not as unsatisfactory as war. However, President Johnson must act quickly: this is not a static situation. And he must set an example of fearlessness for the Congressmen who, as Kennan says, are so concerned with keeping themselves out of trouble that they are in effect betraying the interests of the country.

The Mystique of Paper

Remember Samuel Insull? Remember McKesson & Robbins, the drug company whose inventories vanished? If you do, you are old—this and much more of the same occurred in the depression of the thirties. But in any case you remember Billie Sol Estes, who borrowed millions on tanks of fertilizer which did not exist. In the Allied Crude Vegetable Oil Refining Corporation case the tanks exist, but the vegetable oil doesn't. It is nonexistent in such amounts that Billie Sol is made to look like a piker. *The Wall Street Journal* headlines the salad-oil sensation as a "100 Million Swindle—Commodity Dealers, Storage Firms, Banks Duped at Big Tank Farm in New Jersey." At least this once, Texas is not leading the country.

The *modus operandi* of swindling in pseudo-commodities affords some fascinating glimpses of the fetishisms of American business. We all accept the image of the U.S. businessman as hard-headed, hard-working, hard-bargaining. And honest. He may be all of these things, and have many other virtues besides.



But he can also be taken, and a good time to take him is when prosperity reigns. You don't need a depression.

The trouble is that the businessman deals in paper, which is supposed to represent things more tangible. Paper is vital in any financial transaction. If a banker's mother came in and asked for an unsecured loan, he might give her the money out of his own pocket, but never out of the coffers of the bank. But if somebody with an extremely dubious past asks for a few million dollars on the strength of a warehouse receipt for a few million pounds of something or other, the bank gladly lends, locks up the receipt, and assumes that it is holding valuable something-or-other. It may, however, be holding only a paper bag.

In the Bayonne, N.J., case the largest tank facility in the East is involved—some 200 tanks. Inside some of the tanks there are—or there are supposed to be—vegetable oils, fish oils and the like which, when refined and retailed, contribute to gracious living and health. Salad oil, margarine, vitamin extracts, paints are only a few of the applications. Different companies own or control various configurations of tanks. To make matters more interesting, the tanks are connected by pipes, suitably interposed with valves and pumps. Thus, even if a lender holds a warehouse receipt attesting to the contents of a tank, and he should have the tank opened, personally climb to the top and sip a spoonful of the contents, he could not be sure that his collateral would be there the following day.

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Somebody might have transferred it to another section of the tank farm and might be borrowing on it anew.

Most of the Bayonne tanks that supposedly contain these good oils do contain something, but it may not be good. At present six surveying companies are checking the contents, but the inspectors find it a confusing job. In some cases charts are forty years old and capacities may have been changed. One surveyor reported to its client, an agent for a foreign bank, that solid materials like lard and tallow were not level and the gauge readings were confusing. Beneath the solid material there might be liquid and the liquid might be water, which is a poor material for collateral. And most tanks in this section appeared to contain sludge which, likewise, is not negotiable.

The question now is who will lose what portion of the $100 million worth of commodities alleged to be missing? Given time, the courts and lawyers will decide. In the meantime, paper may be regarded with suspicion. Eventually, it will be restored to its high place in the scheme of things. It always has been.

The Vicissitudes of Politics

That politics makes strange bedfellows is one of the hoariest of truisms. But it also creates strange optical effects. Things clearly seen one day may be opaque the next; what looks like a clearly charted course is seen as through a glass darkly. After the death of President Kennedy, that is the condition Washington finds itself in, and it may prove fortunate for some corporations and individuals and unfortunate for the public.

The Bobby Baker case is one instance. Not that the Congress can drop Bobby; once started, an investigation of this magnitude can't simply be sidetracked and forgotten. But, with a change in Presidents, a rainbowlike halo may be observed forming around the white light which was beating down on the hapless Bobby only a few weeks ago. Even before Lyndon Johnson became President, the Senate was not eager to bear down on Bobby, who was a kind of powerful office boy for the most exclusive club in the world and had done favors for many members. Investigating Bobby, the Senate would be investigating itself. Now, to complicate the problem further, it would in effect be investigating the new President as well—everyone knows that the Baker success story did not reach its climax until Mr. Johnson moved up. There is only a tenuous connection, but something might rub off from Bobby onto his friend who was Vice President and is now President, which is a different thing entirely.

Consider also the TFX investigation, which in one aspect is Texas versus the state of Washington. The high will and stern investigative resolve of Senator McClellan are well known, but will the Senator wish to excoriate the TFX award as he might have done had Mr. Kennedy lived? Mr. Kennedy was from Massachusetts, Mr. Johnson is from Texas, and Texas got the contract. Now that he is President, Mr. Johnson may be scrupulously neutral in these wars between the states, but will Mr. McClellan want to tangle with him if Mr. Johnson should turn out to harbor a sentimental attachment for his native soil?

Such are the questions that arise in the aftermath of an assassination. The bullet that struck down a young President may possibly win a reprieve for a young man who was rising in the world and then seemed to be falling out of a depressurized airplane. One thing is certain: the public, which loves a good show, is much less likely to get it now. TFX was too technical to make much of a splurge, but the Bobby Baker review would have been a wow, replete with girls, hotel glamour, influence peddling and big names. Now it looks like a foreordained flop but, in the Senate, no one is crying.

Texas

THE ROOTS of the AGONY . . . .

Reece McGee

A lady in Dallas said, "They ought to put this place under martial law and keep it that way forever." A man there told a commentator, "I wouldn't blame them if they sent a regiment in here and wiped the city out." My own first reaction was that it couldn't be true, that even in Texas they didn't shoot Presidents. Curiously enough, a number of my students, natives of the state, had identical reactions. Reflection on these stunned and unbelieving first responses, however, convinces me that they were naive, and that barring the probability of Mississippi, in a doomed and fated way it had to be Texas and, in Texas, Dallas.

To truly understand the necessity of Texas, and this strange land itself, one must live here awhile. The time required is indeterminate. In the November, 1963, *Harper's*, Barbara Solomon wrote a moving and perceptive evocation of the place after a year's residence in it. On the basis of my seven years here, I found it generally accurate and surprisingly unprejudiced. It was greeted by the local press, both student and commercial, as a vitriolic and harshly biased attack upon the state and city. Had Mrs. Solomon lived here fifty years, the reaction would have been the same. Texans are immensely touchy with regard to criticism of their state, especially from outsiders; they hunger for visitors' impressions, but want to hear only favorables ones.

Something Mrs. Solomon learned here, but that escapes most visitors

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—and, indeed, most natives—goes far in explaining Texas and the recent tragedy in Dallas: behind the verdant fields, magnificent highways and looming skyscrapers, Texas is still a harsh and violent land, in climate and in culture not so far removed from the savage wilderness it was only 130 years ago when the early "Texians" wrested it away from the dominion of Mexico and the perhaps greater authority of the Comanche. That history and that hardness has done much to determine the present nature of the state and its people. The climate alone breaks weaklings in a year. Air conditioning and central heat have done much to make it tolerable, but "tolerable" is the best that can be said for it. A hundred years ago the immigrants wrote home that Texas was hell on women and dogs. It still is.

These conditions, when ratified and exacerbated by an overlay of twentieth-century America — which is to say urbanized and essentially *Northern* America — explain that great agony begun here such a little while ago, and which still continues. Fortunately for the future of the state, and indeed for any hope for the future of mankind at all, the same conditions will in time yield sweeter fruit. But now let me attempt to explain why it had to be Texas.

President Kennedy could, of course, have been assassinated in any other state. In our frantic society lunatics abound, and everywhere and any time a President is in the presence of the public he is in danger. But I believe that (again and always barring Mississippi) the probability of that danger's actually striking may have been maximized in Texas by five elements either peculiar to the state at this time or peculiar in their unique intensity here. These are, in the order I will discuss them: (1) the absolutistic nature of local thought; (2) the institutionalization of personalized violence; (3) the proliferation of firearms and the habit of carrying them; (4) the political respectability of the radical Right; and (5) the nonexistence, publicly, of a radical Left.

A Land of Moral Absolutes. The mores of Texas are more absolutistic than those of any other state I know. In politics, ethics, civic morality and individual taste, relativism is unknown to or suspect by the general public. One is a Texan or a Yankee; there are no other kinds of people. One is good or one is evil, honest or criminal, a booster or a knocker, a patriot or a Communist. Most students at the university expect their instructors to reveal to them The Truth about any subject in question, want the One Right Answer to their queries and, in my own case, expect sociology to offer them quick solutions to the social problems with which they are confronted in their society. When I give my classes the suggestion that there may be no general solution to such problems as the arms race, but only shifting accommodations, they become frustrated and often hostile.

This habit of thought seems best explained by the religious fundamentalism still dominant in the state. Texas is, for all practical purposes, a Southern Baptist community (despite the large number of Catholic Mexicanos whose culture has in so many other ways influenced its society). Though the cedar-shake churches in the hollows have everywhere given way to great edifices of brick and stone, the simple moral imperatives of the old-time religion yet dominate Texas life and thought. I think it is significant that my students always use the phrase, "see *both* sides of an argument," never "all" or "the." (There can be but two, one of which must be the *right* side since the other, clearly, must be *wrong*.) This same basically Baptist orientation has been particularly visible in the organization of the two churches in town which I have occasionally attended. One, of the "liberal" theological bent, has little general difficulty between minister and congregation because it adheres closely to the congregational mode, but is deeply rent within the congregation by factional schisms, often following political adherences. The other, of episcopal form, has a unified congregation which, consisting largely of converts, experiences great difficulty in accepting the minister's authority.

This fundamentalistic absolutism (which, again, may be supported by the frontier heritage) easily categorizes men and ideas and movements as "for" or "against" the values Texans hold most dear. And since being "against" such ideas is equated with sinfulness and the devil, in effect if not actual reason, hate breeds free and dies hard. I am sure many Texans sincerely, if unconsciously, associated John Kennedy with Sin (his religion may have been relevant here), and with Sin there can be no compromise and no solution save destruction.

The Habit of Personal Violence. "Taking the law into one's own hands" is not unique to Texas. Americans are a violent people and they live in, and have created, a violent society. (Our custom, for example, of insisting that we hold human life in high regard ill matches our flat failure even to attempt to curb the carnage on our highways through concerted action.) Nevertheless, in the South in general, and perhaps in Texas in particular, this custom reaches levels unknown elsewhere, maybe because violence is more commonly accompanied by gunplay here, and arguments that might be settled with an exchange of blows in Minnesota end in homicide in Texas. Houston and Dallas are widely known as the murder capitals of the nation and have been so for some time. That Chicago no longer maintains that unenviable reputation does not signify the migration of its organized crime to Texas. The Texan homicide rate—both vehicular and personal — is largely a consequence of individual efforts by normal citizens, not professional criminals. Much of this, I think, must be a simple matter of tradition. The nation is by now amply aware of Texans' touchy pride and of the pride they take in it. This is in part a heritage of the frontier (not really long removed here: a friend of mine, a recently retired professor in the university, can recall students fresh off the Western ranges appearing in the classroom wearing six-guns). In part it is an Anglo adaptation of an ethic known by its Mexican name: *machismo.*

The frontier ethic is the easier to comprehend: Texans, to hold their land, had to fight the Mexicans, the Indians, the climate and one another. They fight the climate still and they do not always win. *Machismo* is more tenuous. In Mexicano culture in Texas it is connected with, and signifies, mascu-

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linity, virility, courage and the ability to "take care of oneself." The Anglos have adopted it in a cultural diffusion noticeable with regard to a great variety of customs and ideas. (An engineer friend of mine, a native, nearly started a brawl in a beer joint when he got a wisecrack from a group of lounging oafs. When I asked him why he had not simply shrugged it off, he was nonplussed that I would expect him to ignore such an affront to his honor.)

These elements of an ethic that holds the individual personally responsible for the solution of quarrels are further institutionalized by Texas law. "Self-defense" is a common explanation of homicide and suffices to excuse the act if the defendant even believed himself to have been in danger of attack and can scrape up some evidence that the belief was reasonable. In cases of murder resulting from actual or suspected adultery, the "unwritten law" is scrupulously observed by many Texas juries. The law of trespass, as it is applied in practice, similarly reflects the customs of violence. A man's property in Texas is first of all his to defend (in custom), and if you are ordered off and do not go you may pay for your recalcitrance with your life. Thus in history and tradition, and supported by law in many instances, violence is expected as the natural reaction to many situations. Sufficient provocation is often sufficient excuse.

The Proliferation of Firearms. The wide diffusion of firearms among the general population is again not peculiar to Texas; but the manner of their diffusion and the types of weapons commonly owned and carried seem unique in local custom. Any adult who is not a felon may buy any common type of weapon in Texas, and no registration or adequate record is usually made. Cheap guns are sold in department and sporting goods stores, and I know of drug and liquor stores that carry them. Ammunition may be purchased at the supermarket or the drive-in.

Texans do not find this surprising. A series of censuses of my classes has revealed that, on the average, about half the boys and perhaps a third of the girls have weapons with them at the university. Normally about 25 per cent of the gun owners in my classes admit to keeping pistols. When I have asked the students why they feel the necessity for firearms in their rooms or glove compartments, they have universally replied that they need them "for protection." When I have asked what they have that needs protecting at the hazard of their own lives or another's, they have become confused. As a result of a number of unfortunate incidents the university now prohibits the keeping of weapons in dormitory rooms—but this rule is flagrantly violated.

Again these habits are supported by Texas law. Although there are registration laws for heavy pistols, they are negatively enforced. When I arrived in Austin, I went to the Police Department to register a side arm I owned as an Army reserve officer. The police lieutenant who interviewed me, called by a flabbergasted secretary, was immediately suspicious and seemed little reassured of my intentions by my AGO card and identity as a professor at the university. I was later informed by an attorney friend that no honest citizen brings his weapons to the attention of the police. The law also permits one to carry a weapon in the glove compartment (in most states stringently prohibited as "concealment") on trips of a distance greater than a hundred miles—again, for "protection."

The Radical Right and Its Respectability. Another peculiarity of the state is that rightism of the most radical nature, explicit fascism, is politically respectable here. This was particularly borne in on me this year when I left the state to spend the summer in Berkeley. Although Southern California is as hot a bed of Birchers and allied fanatics as is Texas—and the breed appears to be even more virulent there—the newspapers of the Bay Area and the state government were unanimous in their condemnation of them as irresponsible lunatics. Not so in Texas, where reaction of the most extreme sort is, or was until November 22, entirely respectable. This fact of local life is probably not unrelated to the cultural absolutism described earlier. The *responsibility* of a candidate's or a party's politics is seldom an issue in Texas, where public alignments seem to take place largely on the basis of personality and ideology.

The respectability of the reactionary radicals surely comes in part from the identification of their ideas (it is impossible to say "their program") with patriotism, and with their flamboyant rhetoric. Texans are intensely patriotic and like their loyalties to state and nation loud and clear. Thus the same drives which have given the nation in all its wars unit after unit of magnificent Texas fighting men ratify and give respectability to the ultranationalistic politics of the far Right.

It is impossible to judge the actual strength of the extreme reaction in the state, or its actual power. Its political effect is not at all proportional to the noise it makes, however, which suggests its strength is often overestimated. When former General Walker entered the gubernatorial primaries two years ago, he ran a poor last in a field of six or seven candidates. Senator Tower's election is often viewed by the rest of the country as a measure of reactionary strength, but is interpreted in Texas as being largely a function of the Democratic Party's having fielded a candidate so reactionary himself that no real Democrat would vote for him. (A number *did* vote for Tower, in protest.) Not long ago members of the Birch Society and their allies succeeded in attracting a great deal of

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attention by attacking the state's selection of texts for the public schools, but after weeks of legislative hearings and state-wide interest most of the books objected to were adopted anyway.

The textbook controversy became so acrimonious that a joint committee of the state legislature was appointed to look into possible Communist influences in the books available to and adopted by the state. I attended most of the hearings as an observer for the local chapter of the Civil Liberties Union, which eventually felt itself forced to appear before the committee itself. Hostile witnesses most often identified themselves as simply representing themselves, but were given to quoting from publications of the John Birch Society, the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade and some local organizations such as Texans for America and the National Indignation Convention (Peter O'Donnell, the instigator of the latter, is now Chairman of the Republican Party in Texas and the initiator of the national "Draft Goldwater" movement). Members of the Constitution Party, a local extreme right-wing third party, were also present. I was struck in hour after hour of these witnesses' testimony by the almost universal recurrence of three themes that characterized their orientations to the world: (1) a hostility to and incomprehension of the twentieth century, coupled with (2) the erection of a psuedo-history of the nineteenth century and its characterization as a Golden Age, plus (3) a ubiquitous and generalized fear. Their comments upon the present were replete with words and symbols of danger, conspiracy, threat, attack and broad-gauge hostility. Their ideas about the current state of the world and its recent history were confused, to say the least, and unrealistic to a remarkable degree. Their views of the nature of the American society of the past were a jumbled mass of inaccuracies, falsehoods, misinformation and nostalgia.

Primarily from this experience I began to formulate a hypothesis to explain the existence of the radical Right and which, in awful hindsight, explains also why it had to be in Dallas that the President lost his life. From all reports the far Right has its greatest strength in two rather well-defined areas of the general Southwest: in Texas and in Southern California. Its membership, like that of the original Nazi Party, seems concentrated in the middle class. There are not many "Rednecks" in the local Birch Societies and there were none at the textbook hearings. These facts in the context of the history of this century and of the areas involved suffice, I think, to let us understand the phenomenon.

There are remarkable parallels between Texas and Southern California, reaching even into climate and recent modes of urban development. Their populations also have some similarities in nature and experience. Until quite recently both areas were essentially rural and agrarian, and both have been subjected to sudden, radical social change in the form of immense urbanization, immigration and industrialization. Both have significant segments of their population characterized by Protestant fundamentalist polities (in California, in large part through immigration), and both have seen the sudden emergence and expansion into domination of a middle class with rural origins. Both have been beset with the problems of a new wealth widely distributed into the hands of a population unused to it. Both have suffered population explosions. All of these phenomena precipitated widespread social change and dislocation of former tranquillities. These facts taken together suffice to explain the radical Right: it is the irrational and often frankly paranoid reaction to sudden social change on the part of a segment of the population ill-equipped to deal with or adjust to it.

In Texas, certainly, the majority of the newly monied middle class springs from rural origins. It has no experience of wealth or liberal education and has not been middle class long enough to have adopted the general cultural values and attitudes of the established members of that class elsewhere. Its historic culture has been radically disturbed by an invasion of Eastern and Northern people, ideas, capital and outlook. The century-long accommodation of the races has been upset, and for perhaps the first time since Texas won its independence from Mexico, the wide world has begun really to intrude upon it. For a people with a culture in many ways that of the nineteenth-century American agrarian, the twentieth century as it impinges upon them must be a terror-filled place. The old certainties of their traditional religious securities are patently absurd; their old sovereignties of state and nation have been overthrown or subjected to fundamental dislocation from without; their new, first wealth seems threatened by the entire pattern of domestic politics since Theodore Roosevelt.

It is no accident that while many professional men are members of the John Birch Society, few of them seem to be from the scholarly professions. Most are in fields characterized by technical training. The professionals who are members heavily represent medicine, accounting, the military, engineering and the illiterate clergy; there are few lawyers, professors, writers or educated clergy from the major denominations among them. Neither does it seem an accident that the "Communist Conspiracy" they define is exclusively internal to the United States, (i.e., a projection rather than a reality), and that their program, to the degree it can be called that, for dealing with the international reality of Communist states is nonexistent. (We have only to withdraw from the UN and ignore them and somehow they will cease to have any significance for the United States.)

This terrible fear and incomprehension of their present reality quite naturally culminated, for the radical Right, in a personalized hatred of John F. Kennedy and everything his administration represented. For Kennedy and his New Frontier maximally symbolized exactly those features of their lives most disturbing to this segment of the population. He was urban and urbane, Eastern and educated, aristocratic and international, Catholic and pragmatic, welfare-minded and racially liberal.

By the same token it is not surprising that his assassination occurred in Dallas. For Dallas more than any other major Texas city seems to have been captured by the radical Right and to have fewer balances against it. The rightists

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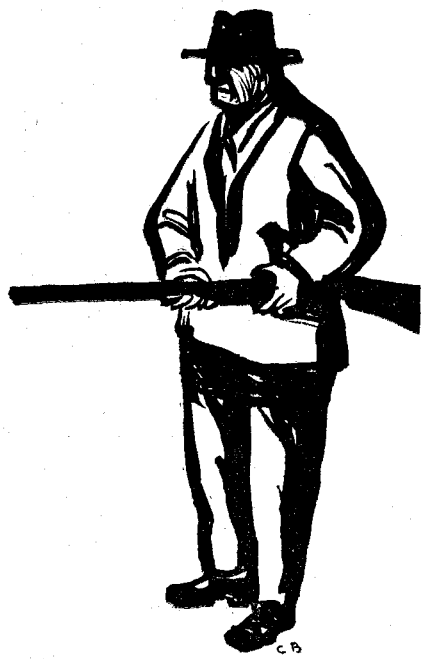
are a vociferous, although small, minority in San Antonio, and that international and cosmopolitan city has taken them in stride. They have considerable apparent power in Houston but are balanced by its working class and organized labor, for Houston is a seaport and manufacturing city. Dallas is almost exclusively middle class in its ethos, functions and dominant population, a business city par excellence. It has little industry or farm-service function and is the headquarters for the financial and oil interests of the state. It is, further, and unlike either of the others, a *newer* city, without a hereditary local aristocracy to mind the civic welfare



and without, really, any particular reason for existence except as a financial headquarters. (Excepting Denver and Indianapolis, it is the only major American city not located on a navigable waterway.) It has for some years now been the center of rightist activity in the state. General Walker and Peter O'Donnell both live there. The Hate-Kennedy Cult of Texas headquartered there. (Shortly before his final, fatal visit, placards had been distributed bearing the President's photograph and with the legend: Wanted for Treason.) *Thus, even though the assassin does not appear to have been a rightist, if there were a climate anywhere in America that permitted assassination to become conceivable, to be defined as something that might in fact be culturally legitimate, that climate obtained in Dallas.*

The Destruction of the Left. One more grim strand to the peculiar fabric of contemporary Texas completes the weave: there is no Left in Texas. The actual political alignments might be given something like this: reactionaries are "conservatives" here; conservatives, "moderates" and moderates, "liberals." Actual liberals are "radicals" and suspect. True radicalism does exist, but has been forced entirely into hiding and is incapable of participating in or even communicating to the normal political dialogue. To illustrate again from the textbook hearings: a number of university professors testified before the committee against the proposed censorship of schoolbooks. The chairman of the committee, almost without exception, opened the committee's questioning of each by asking him if he was a church member. (Anti-censorship = liberalism = atheism = communism.) The same chairman had, a year or two earlier, narrowly been prevented from introducing a law requiring anyone teaching in a state-supported school to swear his belief in the existence of a Supreme Being as a condition of his further employment. Under such circumstances a true radical literally has no place to go politically, and nothing to do but hide. Unlikely as it first appeared (in Dallas), it may be that the President's assassin was a leftist: in its mute frustration the Left there may have no other recourse than violence.

To summarize: a congeries of events and qualities of contemporary Texas combined November 22, if not to predetermine the assassination of the President, at least to maximize that terrible possibility. The combination of moral absolutism, the habits of violence and the use of arms, the respectability of political irresponsibility and the — for all practical purposes — absolute repression of the Left together have created a climate in this strange and mythical state where this frightening rejection of the American political discourse could occur. Given the madness abounding in our lunatic society, it *could have* occurred anywhere; but where it did—where, in this nemesis of hindsight, somehow it had to—was in Texas.

The Hope for the Future. These admittedly speculative conclusions do not mean that I feel the nation need give up hope for Texas; quite the contrary. For the same forces of the past which in part explain the Texas present will, modified by that present, shape the future. Judging from my students and my city here, Texans overwhelmingly were stunned by that Friday's horror; and the first shock of incredulity soon gave way to open grief. Austin had all but closed down to greet the President in an arrival timed for only three hours after the fatal shots were fired. On the weekend of his death the city was like a raw and rained-on grave. As late as the following Wednesday, university students still wept unashamed as they walked past the half-masted flag.

More important by far than the fact that the vast majority of Texans are good and decent people, like most Americans anywhere, is the nature of the land itself and the men it breeds. For the same land and the same cultural forces that produce men who carry weapons and who hate hard determine that those same men love as hard and guard the things they love. The real Texas is not the glass and neon of Dallas and the wheeler-dealer Cadillac owners of the (quite empirical) stereotype and their gilded women, nor is it the loud-mouthed lunatics. It is that hot land, black dirt and timber in the east; and to the west, sand and rock and prickly pear, that harsh land that demanded and bred strong men to break it and to make it yield. Those men live here now; I know a number of them, white and black and brown, and they are not the diamond-studded millionaires. They are soft-spoken men, honest men, men of courage and of patience and high humor. Their friendship is hard to earn but, once won, is legendary, and they have a toleration for individuality and a love of freedom for themselves and for others that is a main stream in the American myth, but is a reality here and only a myth in most of the rest of America. Sam Rayburn was one of them; Lyndon Johnson is one of them. There will be more. They are legion in Texas and they are its splendor; like its earth, they endure.

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The Price of the Azores . . . . . Henrique Galvao

Henrique Galvao told in The Nation *of April 15, 1961, how he captured the liner* Santa Maria. *In the February 3, 1962, issue, he told of his second escapade: engineering the hijacking of a Portuguese airliner, en route from Casablanca to Lisbon, to drop anti-Salazar pamphlets over Lisbon.*

Galvao is expected to appear before the UN's Fourth (Trusteeship) Committee on conditions in the Portuguese colonies which he once administered, despite State Department warnings that Portugal may, as a result, press for his extradition.

This article has been translated from the Portuguese by Gregory Rabassa.

—The Editors

The year 1961 saw a succession of events, beginning with the capture of the liner *Santa Maria*, that brought to the fore the question of Salazar's colonialism in the light of the universal movement in the United Nations against economic colonialism, and which coincided with the expiration of the lease of United States bases in the Azores. It was inevitable that the opportunism of the United States Government, which had given such substantial help to the Portugese dictatorship, should come face to face with the consequences of a policy that was more concerned with following along and adapting to circumstances than with trying to anticipate them. The United States felt that Salazar would, of course, once more place himself at its disposal and not raise any difficulties over the renewal of the agreement.

But he found himself in tremendous difficulties, external and internal. So that he would not be brought down by the sins and errors of his policy in Africa, Salazar demanded that the aid he had already been enjoying as dictator be made permanent and be broadened in order to include support of him in Africa and in the United Nations as he pursued his course as colonial despot. At this point, relations with the United States, which had been maintained for so many years, ceased to be "cordial" — even to the point where there were anti-American demonstrations in Lisbon. They could only have taken place through the connivance of the Portuguese Government and at the same time that anti-American items began to appear in the regime's organs of propaganda to a degree that could only be matched by the pro-Communist forces. The fact is that the United States Government — which, without ideological guilt or preoccupation over the fate of the Portuguese people, had managed to follow a policy unfaithful to its own ideology and to its mission as leader of the West — could now no longer seem unfaithful in the same cavalier spirit to the constantly expressed idea that it was an anti-colonialist power without endangering its policy of influence and expansion in Africa, no matter how much this anti-colonialism had managed to stand apart from the personal, aggressive and racist extremes which already seemed to have gravely wounded the United Nations. The fact that this policy would not allow any agreement with the colonialism of the Lisbon Government is enough to render difficult all those relations that were easy so long as the question was "only" one of the fate and liberty of the Portuguese people.

As of now, the relations between Portugal and the United States are based on negotiations in which the latter has not yielded to Salazar's blackmail, and in which the Portuguese dictator still insists on support for his African policy. The terms of the old agreement expired in December, 1962.

Salazar

Have we come to this? How will we get out of this situation?

A debate goes on in what are called "international channels of information" about this question, and it drags on and goes against all basic ideas. The debate has done little or no good, based as it is on tireless hypotheses, rumors set out to run about and attract attention, pieces of propaganda with little bits of interest in them and deductions drawn from news items having little concrete basis in fact. Everybody with the most direct or indirect interest has had his say — *everybody except Portugal.* This country, which is one of the most interested parties and should certainly take part in the debate to propose, counter-propose, speak and be heard, continues mute and in bondage, its only interpreters being the very jailers who have isolated it from all international contacts. The situation is all the more grievous when one notes the obvious signs of decomposition about the regime and the fact that the time for the exercise of foresight is growing short. We must pay close heed to the texture of the national and international obstacles now being woven so that in a very near future, when Portugal will have recovered her voice — the voice of her legitimate representatives — it will exercise its right of disagreeing with all the acts of a discretionary dictatorship that compromised it while acting in its name.

In this "tomorrow" (in which the continuation of Salazarism without Salazar seems to be the most foolish of solutions), two different systems of thought and action will try to make effective their points of view concerning the question of Azorean bases and other correlative problems. They will be more or less infected with the resentments contracted in opposition, and more or less determined by the ideologies

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that they profess. One group will be a pro-Communist movement, headed by the Communist Party, which the Portuguese Government, on one hand, and the United States, on the other, have unconsciously favored. The other will be a democratic and anti-totalitarian group, resentful of the fact that it has been ignored and demeaned by the great Western powers that have been willing to compromise with the dictator, but a group of people, nevertheless, irrevocably Western, democratic and as anti-Communist as they are anti-Fascist.

There is no mystery about the plans of the pro-Communist elements in Portugal for the military bases. They have all been outlined in the propaganda these elements euphemistically call "democratic" and "popular." Agents as they are of the world design that envelops them, the least they would pretend is the substitution of Soviet for American bases.

Obviously this is not what the democratic, Christian and unquestionably Western majority wants. As legitimate as their resentments might be, the majority, perfectly conscious of the responsibilities incumbent upon Portugal in the defense of the West, will certainly attempt to maintain the traditional position of friendship which has existed between the Portuguese and American peoples for 300 years. Naturally they would like to see the terms of the treaty reviewed and renegotiated for its adaptation into the system of national rights and duties within the Western defense system. Heretofore this has all been hindered by a dictatorship that seeks only survival and the survival of its myths as the basis of its policies.

All that remains to be known is the attitude of the United States. Will its policy be to opt for a greater conformity between its acts and its basic philosophy? Or will it continue to prefer putting out fires which, hindsight has shown us, it took little care to avoid?

Television

STIMULANT TO VIOLENCE . . . .

Jerome Ellison

Is the violence depicted on television translated into real life? Until recently this question might have been regarded merely as the space-age version of a literary discussion that has been simmering pleasantly along for centuries.

The question has lately become more ominous. Certain grisly events, accumulated into certain grim statistics, suggest a more attentive hearing for those who claim that irresponsible television programing has become a serious national concern. The recent bloodshed in Dallas —which is the second most murderous city (the first is also a Texas town) in the most murderous industrial nation in the world — has drawn national, even international, attention to a situation that has been a long time in the making. I cite the following episode:

> *Last September a young man sat calmly telling New York policemen how he came to commit murder. "I was sitting there watching TV and all of a sudden I wanted a woman." He walked over to a nearby high-rise apartment and began riding the automatic elevator. A young divorcée got on at one of the upper floors. He seized her and directed the elevator to the basement. There he beat her to unconsciousness, raped her, beat her some more with a steel bar until he was pretty sure she was dead, and left the building. Then he began to wonder; maybe she was still alive. He went back and slit her throat.*

This horrendous crime was not isolated. Such things happen several times a day, and with increasing frequency.

Among all the industrialized nations, only the United States is producing such horrors on such a scale. We commit more than 8,600 murders a year for a rate of around 4.8 per hundred thousand. This is three-and-a-half times the rate of Canada, twice that of England, France and Japan, each, seven times that of Belgium, nine times that of Denmark and five times that of "sinister, Oriental" Hong Kong. We murder twenty-five times as many people per capita as do the tempestuous Irish, four times as many as the West Germans, sixteen times as many as the Dutch, seven times as many as the Swedes and six times as many as the fiery Spaniards.

It is sometimes said that countries having a high suicide rate have a low murder rate; they take their violence out on themselves. But the United States is high in both: about twice as many Americans kill themselves as kill other people. Assault cases are up 18 per cent; rape is up 22 per cent, per capita, over the last five reported years.

Law-enforcement people observe that not only the amount but the nature of crime has changed. There is more gratuitous cruelty, more sadism. In many cases the motivation seems simply to be cruel, rather than to gain anything. Robert V. Murray, on retiring after thirty years of police work in Washington, D.C., expressed a feeling shared by many public officials: "In the old days they didn't have the vicious type of crime we have now. Then they would snatch a purse and run, or go into a store and take the money. Now there's a great deal of assault, both on the street and in the business places. A lot of these assaults are without reason."

Another peculiarity of the new look in crime is the youth of the offenders. One-fifth of all the murders, two-fifths of the rapes and three-fifths of the burglaries are committed by persons under twenty. Over two-fifths of all arrests for the most serious crimes—murder, rape, robbery, assault, burglary, larceny and auto theft—involve persons under eighteen. Population has grown about 7 per cent in the past five years; crime has risen five times as fast. Again citing the Dallas outrage, it is significant to note that

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Jerome Ellison speaks with some authority on the mass-media mentality, as he has been the editor in charge of two mass-circulation magazines and a responsible editor of a third.

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the assassin Oswald was reported as being a horse-opera fan and the vocabulary of the Dallas police was replete with the verbiage of the standard TV western: cases were "clinched," men were "gunned down."

It would make a tidy case if one could simply point to the crime curve and to the increase in television sets, and show a direct correspondence. The statistical picture is not that neat, but is suggestive. Murder—chosen because it is the most accurately recorded of crimes—showed a consistent twenty-year downward trend in 353 American cities between 1937 and 1957. In 1958, for the first time, television reached a near-saturation figure of 50 million sets. The murder rate began to rise in that year, jumped to an unexplained peak in 1960, and the following year resumed a steady climb that still continues. It is not a clear-cut case. Taken with other evidence, however, it stimulates thought.

Prof. William C. Kvaraceus of Tufts, who is an expert on delinquency and has served as consultant on some of UNESCO's commissions, says imitation of United States television is not only a national but an international problem. "Standardization of delinquent behavior can be attributed in large measure to our mass media—films, radio, TV, magazines, and the newspapers," he reported in the NEA *Journal*. "There is no doubt that we are setting the style for delinquency and that New York City is the style center." Delinquents of other countries ape the American mode of dress, coiffure, stance and jargon, "à la *West Side Story* and *Blackboard Jungle*." The juvenile delinquent is a good imitator, and what he imitates is "usually attributable to adult inspiration."

Students of the matter believe that direct imitation, though important, does not wholly account for today's slashing destructiveness. Criminologist Lloyd Ohlin told *Science Service* in a 1962 interview that frustration is the main ingredient of present-day violence, and that television, "the most direct and massive influence in the history of communications," is the main producer of frustration. The usual delinquent comes from a disadvantaged home. The parents, typically, are functionally illiterate. The father is brutal, or drunken, or out of work or gone. The mother is waspish, or alcoholic, or sick, or employed or exhausted from too much childbearing. The ordinary pre-delinquent never had a book in his hands before going to school. From the beginning, the other kids could read better than he could. He flubbed his lessons, so the teachers admonished him, so he didn't like them, so they didn't like him—with increasing intensity as the grades progressed.

Meanwhile, he had absorbed enough of the American dream to get the idea that he's as good as anybody else. Everybody is equal. He has a right to what he wants, including the pleasures enticingly displayed on the television screen, from which he derives most of his scanty understanding of the society outside his block. He is told he should go to college, but he can't even get through high school. He is told he should get a job, but nobody wants to hire him. He's not in with the crowd that's getting what it wants. He can't even get into the rackets; they have all the help they need. All right, if he can't have nice things, nobody can. If he and the other neighborhood losers see a nice car parked on a dark street, they may take baseball bats and smash its windows. If they catch a well-dressed boy unprotected they beat him up. Drinking is standard, and the worst ones become the rapists, torturers and killers.

Frustrated youths of this general design are in the millions. Of the 26 million young people who will apply for work during the 1960s, 7.5 million will be school dropouts. They have no important skills and, in a labor market already glutted, most will be rejected. A million new arrivals a year join the hiring lines and are turned down, a massive disappointment on a mass scale.

With neither inward restraints nor outward example, the poor and frustrated young man of today lives at so low an exasperation point that he is dangerous under stress. One of them beat an old man to death on a New York subway the other day in daylight and in full view of other passengers.

It will soon be three years since Newton N. Minow, then the incumbent chairman of the FCC, made the "wasteland" speech that sent broadcasters scurrying to beef up the public-service content of their output. If there has been a change, it has been slight indeed. I have just been over our Sunday paper's listing of TV programs for the current week. Violence begins at 5 P.M. on Sunday with a murder mystery. That evening there are two more murders, two blood-and-guts westerns, a juvenile hoodlum thriller, a crook show, a war drama and a horror flick. Monday morning starts the week off with a horror show at 9:30 A.M. By 6 P.M. there have been two combat dramas, two murder shows and three gun-fight westerns — one blurbed "bloody with violence and terrorism." That evening things really pick up: two horror shows, two war films, two westerns, four crook stories and six murders. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday strike an average of four murders, three crook "mellers" and one or two each in the combat, hoodlum, horror and western categories. The week winds up on Saturday with five westerns, five crook plays, two horror films and a hoodlum drama during the evening hours alone. Each of these productions displays a man of ready violence and a woman whose demeanor suggests available sex. The medicine show is interrupted at intervals with enticements to acquire cars, beer, cigarettes and the rest of the output of our commercial cornucopia. The same bloody, sexy, bellicose, tantalizing agony grinds on hour after hour, night after night, week after week, pouring fear into the national mind year after year. School children spend ten to seventy hours a week gazing on this screen as through a window to a bigger world.

This pattern is not accident but design. In winning and holding a mass audience, sadistic violence and provocative sex are dependable box office. The show with the biggest following commands the biggest advertising fee.

Television is not the only craft involved in this game. Magazines and newspapers feature whatever sex and violence may be found within reach of their publishing formulas. Comic books, according to psychiatrist Frederic Wertham, are the worst of all. Dr. Wertham's

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book, *Seduction of the Innocent*, published in 1953, documented a wide assortment of instances of torture, assault, sexual delinquency, truancy and mayhem triggered by comic books. There are several cases of school-age boys who had hanged themselves and died by strangulation with a comic book in the room, opened on a scene of hanging.

The situation has improved hardly at all in the decade since Dr. Wertham's book appeared. I have on my desk several comics just purchased at our country general store —a grisly display of bloodletting, mass killing, mental and physical agony, crude sex, crooked dealing and rampant sadism, and all piously labeled "Approved by the Comics Code Authority." "By the time he's sixteen," Dr. Wertham said in a recent newspaper interview, "a boy may have seen some 20,000 homicides on TV and in the movies. He hears talk of five, ten and fifteen million deaths in case of nuclear attack. This symbolizes the devaluation of life which has resulted in an increasing number of murders among juveniles, and at an earlier age."

Dr. F. C. Redlich, Chairman of the Department of Psychiatry at Yale University's Medical School, is concerned about the effects on the public of the "steady undermining of authority, the tacit approval of brutality, the romanticizing of violence" that characterize so much of the mass-media output. Among families lacking in effective countermeasures — social skills, education, family stability, parental authority—such incitements would be particularly likely to cause trouble. When I interviewed him, Dr. Redlich made short work of the stock defense that "even fairy tales contain violence." Fairy tales are set in a separate world of magic, wonder and fantasy. No child really expects a small animal to eat a big girl in one bite, as did the wolf in Red Riding Hood, or a woman to make a carriage out of a pumpkin with one wave of a stick, as did Cinderella's godmother. The classics of literature are similarly vague about the time and place of violence; Shakespeare and the Greeks set their wars and murders in remote times and far-off places, clothed their rulers in power and laced their works with moral admonitions. Moreover, the Greeks considered direct portrayal of violence (but not of sex) to be obscene, and hence in Greek plays the actual murders, etc., always take place off-stage. The tone of immediate reality set in today's mass-media thrillers, the crimes committed almost casually by recognizable types of our own time and place in disregard of authority and morality, all tend to break down vitally important restraints, Dr. Redlich says.

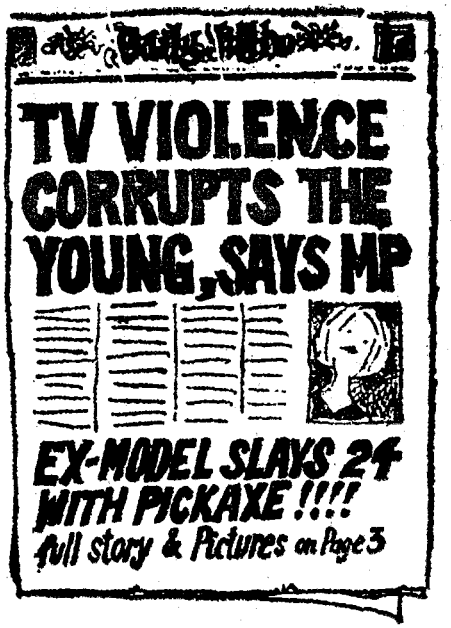
The television industry, of course, has not been silent in the face of these charges. Mr. Max Wylie, New York advertising man in the employ of the Lennen & Newell agency, has become a sort of semi-official apologist for the industry through having written a 400-page eulogy of television called *Clear Channels*, published in 1955. Mr. Wylie is the father of Janice Wylie, the victim of a dreadful knife slaying. Mr. Wylie discovered the crime on a visit to his daughter's apartment and called the police. I know the Wylies. I have extended the sympathy that can only be felt by a father who has also felt the sting of loss due to insane violence. My comments on his book are professional, not personal.

Mr. Wylie feels that the industry frequently is unfairly picked on by writers.

There is a whole battery of articulate and powerful men who have wrenched their way into print . . . so prefixed in their ideas, so nonpersuadable in the narrowness of their quest, so mentally blocked off . . . that even if the ghost were finally laid, they would take it off the ash-heap of dead causes and revive the corpse if only for the purpose of sending off another magazine article.

Mr. Wylie doesn't have much use for psychiatrists, either:

Most metropolitan psychiatrists are daily practicing the most shameful glass-hearted cynicism that is appearing in any of our professions, and are protected from the law by vocabulary, by spectacles, unpressed pants, Viennese accents, joyously self-pitying patients, impermeable moral carapaces, and greed. I think the metropolitan psychiatrist is the biggest swindler in this country today. It is my own belief that the world would be better off if we segregated all the psychiatrists and made them all treat each other,



Ben Roth Agency

leaving the rest of us alone with our "normal abnormalities."

Clear Channels is dead against people who hurl accusations at other people without adequate scientific evidence. He finds Dr. Wertham's material criticizing television "unargued, presumptive, convenient and visionary." His own answer to the problem is hardheaded and straight from the shoulder: "All the shooting and rough-riding and fist-fighting in all the westerns and kid shows in the whole history of television never hurt a flea."

Despite Wylie's dislike of the psychiatric profession, *Clear Channels* is, on points of central importance, in surprising agreement with psychiatrists who have given thought to our national propensity for crime. First—as has already been pointed out—we have no conclusive scientific proof that television causes crime. Second, the ideal response to both problems—television viewing and juvenile delinquency—is better parental supervision.

On the first point, I quote Dr. Redlich: "To design a really scientific research project to establish that the mass media influence behavior would be an enormously difficult and expensive undertaking. But such research is not necessary; that the connection exists is obvious."

The second point appears to me to beg the whole question. Obviously, if all parents were well-to-do, well educated, emotionally well adjusted, in proper authority over their children and well qualified in

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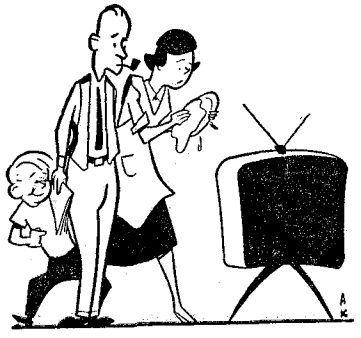
child guidance, the crime problem, with or without television, would be negligible. The problem consists precisely in the fact that millions of parents are desperately poor, emotionally at their wits' end, semiliterate, vague about how to manage children, roughly reared and crude.

No one suggests that television is responsible for all our social ills. The question is, rather, whether the industry is acting responsibly *in the kind of society we have.*

Our population is not homogeneous. We are an affluent nation of 180 million, with an "underdeveloped country" of 40 million living inside it as an "internal proletariat" (Toynbee's term). The same story may have different meanings to the two audiences. In a genteel home, fighting is seen to be just-pretend, as in a story book. In a disadvantaged home, where parents are always ready with the belt and where every kid on the block carries a knife, it's real life. Here, further violence in make-believe reinforces a deadly reality and diminishes the margin of public safety.

America has had a violent history. We took our freedom by force, staged a Civil War unmatched in ferocity in its time, beat back the frontier and blasted our way to world power in six wars in seven generations. We are sprung largely from rough folk. Jailbirds, rebels from the Old World, sod-busting pioneers, brutally mistreated slaves and oppressed peasants are all prominent in the national ancestry. Not all American homes are sweetly genteel. Children in many homes are slapped, whipped and beaten; wives are pummeled; husbands are made targets of pitched missiles.

The December, 1962, meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science held a program on the role of violence in human behavior. Prof. Harold Lief of Tulane cited the "detached type of violence" known to millions "in the form of the movie gangster, the western gunman, the violent gang member." This "increasing dehumanization" leads to an increase in such violence, Prof. Lief said, and concluded that "there is obviously an urgent need for societal controls which will prevent detached, dehumanized violence from being carried out." Prof. Lewis A. Coser of Brandeis University pointed out that crime, particularly murder, is socially patterned.

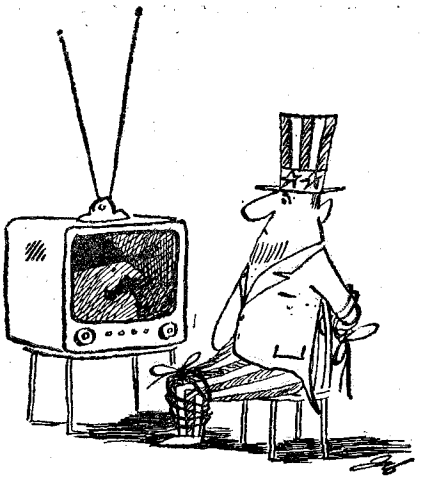


Lower positions in the status hierarchy [and its attendant frustrations] lead to higher homicide rates. Not only is aggressive acting out in general, and the rate of homicide in particular, connected with the relative deprivation of various status categories, but there are differences in the built-in barriers within the various groups. In moments of particular stress the lower-status person experiences a lower degree of internalized restraint against the acting out of violence.

The preponderance of political power in the United States is held by merchants. They hold it by historic right. The American Revolution was fought, not to eradicate British mercantilism, but to exploit it to local advantage. The ballast in our tradition is, of course, that when mercantilism endangers the public welfare, the government may intervene on behalf of the people. Such intervention must not too sharply limit the merchant's right to make money, or to hoodwink people if he can. It can only set reasonable bounds. The crucial question is: What is within reasonable bounds?

In the case of edibles, it was decided that the merchant's privilege to trade sharply was exceeded when he sold poisoned tinned beef for the consumption of soldiers during the Spanish-American War. A great deal of research was put into finding out exactly what poisoned people's bodies and determining precisely what kinds of materials would not be permitted to be sold.

We need similar federal research into what poisons people's minds. Obviously, there is a difference in audiences and in their tolerances. What may be quite suitable in a book one reads by oneself, or in a play witnessed by a well-to-do, educated audience, may be unsuitable for display before 150 million television viewers, some of them managing themselves by a thin margin of safety.



There should be a Viewers' Lobby, supported by our dimes and quarters, to hammer home to Congress this vital need. It is useless to address mass-media editors, writers and producers; they are hirelings and must conform or be fired. The ad-men foot the bills and call the tune. All of them know what's happening. The better ones are deeply concerned. A few have quit the business, unable to effect reform and unwilling to continue in a corrupt conspiracy.

As a last recourse there is, of course, the big stick. If it wanted to, television could set a tone worthy of emulation and thus make the great contribution of a powerful medium of persuasion in shaping a new and more livable society, as indeed it does on occasion. If it fails, television will unquestionably be regulated. "It is not enough to cater to the nation's whims, you must also serve the nation's needs," Newton Minow told the industry. "The people own the air, and you owe them something for the use of it."

Merchants have captured control of the most powerful image-making devices our society possesses. They are using these devices single-mindedly to sell merchandise, regardless of destructive side effects. At some point, the cost of this license—the cost in human life and social values—becomes too great. At some point, the merchant must be divested of his control of social imagery, held socially accountable for what he does, tamed and assigned to his proper subordinate role in the total society.

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Santayana and the Task Ahead

Arthur Danto

I do not follow in the footsteps of the Masters:
I seek what they sought.
Matsuo Basho

A man might be a good, and even a great physicist or chemist without ever having read a page of Newton or Lavoisier; for the discoveries of scientists are taken up into the body of science itself, while the writings in which they first appeared are relegated to the archives and retain an interest chiefly for the historian of science. By contrast, it is unlikely that someone could be a good, much less a great, philosopher without having read in Aristotle and Hume. Creative philosophers, even in the present era when philosophy has become a technical and highly professionalized discipline, are typically informed deeply in the history of their subject.

This information is not academic ornament, nor is it acquired in the spirit of discipleship or of scholarly curiosity. There exists an intimate, internal relationship between the practice of philosophical investigation and the understanding of the great philosophical writings of the past which has few if any parallels in other domains of inquiry. As fresh techniques of analysis are evolved, they are applied, almost as a matter of course, to the theses and arguments of the past, to see if perhaps a fantastic conclusion might be evaded, or a paradox dissolved. Descartes' proof of his own existence, Aristotle's rebuttal of logical fatalism, Anselm's ontological arguments, the paradoxes of Zeno, Hume's demonstration that induction cannot be justified, Socrates' contention that men cannot knowingly do evil — these and many other amazing proofs and conjectures touch upon the fundamental elements of our conceptual schemes. And since it remains the task of philosophy to examine systematically our basic concepts, one cannot do responsible philosophical work without making one's way through the dialectical thickets which the great thinkers planted, and which are their main intellectual legacy. Hence we find, side by side with the meticulous conceptual analyses and the logical explorations which make up today's professional journals of philosophy, equally meticulous and logically sophisticated reconstructions of the arguments of the masters, very much as though they were our contemporaries from whom replies might be expected in forthcoming issues of the *Philosophical Review* or *Mind*.

If we judge the vitality of a past philosopher by the measure of explicit interest in him on the part of our best philosophers today, one is obliged to conclude that Santayana, in his centennial year, is all but dead and forgotten. To be sure, there is Santayana scholarship, and here and there a Santayana specialist. Books and articles devoted to him continue to appear, and reference to him occasionally is found, typically as a matter of piety or as evidence of a kind of exotic scholarship. Because of his remarkable style, with its stunning images and poetical tone, his own books go on being read by a literary audience. And perhaps because of his detached, ironic voice, speaking forth on high matters of life and love and art, he enjoys a certain status as a philosopher for non-philosophers, who expect such utterances, instead of mad puzzles and displayed formulas, to be the essential substance of philosophical books. Some of his writings are classics of a kind, and are read in connection with philosophy courses, thus touching the minds of the young, and he has an unquestioned place in the history of at least American philosophical thought. But for a philosopher, even one who wrote beautifully and claimed only the allegiance of the common man, the sort of immortality

Arthur Danto is the co-editor (with Sidney Morgenbesser) of Philosophy of Science *(Meridien); his* Analytical Philosophy of History *will be published by Cambridge in 1964. Mr. Danto is Associate Professor of Philosophy, Columbia University.*

November 26, 1963

We know the winter earth upon the body of the young President, and the early dark falling;

we know the veins grown quiet in his temples and wrists, and his hands and eyes grown quiet;

we know his name written in the black capitals of his death, and the mourners standing in the rain, and the leaves falling;

we know his death's horses and drums; the roses, bells, candles, crosses; the faces hidden in veils;

we know the children who begin the youth of loss greater than they can dream now;

we know the nightlong coming of faces into the candlelight before his coffin, and their passing;

we know the mouth of the grave waiting, the bugle and rifles, the mourners turning away;

we know the young dead body carried in the earth into the first deep night of its absence;

we know our streets and days slowly opening into the time he is not alive, filling with our footsteps and voices;

we know ourselves, the bearers of the light of the earth he is given to, and of the light of all his lost days;

we know the long approach of summers toward the healed ground where he will be waiting, no longer the keeper of what he was.

Wendell Berry

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which might suffice for a merely literary figure cannot compensate for the neglect of his true peers.

It seems a mistake to consign so deep a thinker to the scholars, the students, the literati and the enthusiasts. Santayana thought profoundly and with originality upon many of the issues which activate philosophical research today, and it is fitting that we pause a bit before acquiescing, finally, in his irrelevance and oblivion. There are, of course, shifts of philosophical fashion, and it is rash to write off a thinker with finality when we have so many examples of philosophers who are scanted or misjudged by their contemporaries only to be revived to give form to the thought of a whole later generation. There is that rise and fall of eminence, but I am concerned, not with what Sanatayana might come to mean to philosophers of the future, but with what he can mean to philosophers today. And I should like to suppose that current philosophy, in its technical aspect, and with its linguistic and logical preoccupations, is not a transient phase and deviation, but a permanent contribution to the conduct of philosophical query, whatever its problems may become. I do not wish merely to emphasize that Santayana influenced some of our best philosophical practitioners, nor that his own thought, or some of his most characterisitc doctrines, were influenced by the ideas of the same writers, Russell and Moore, who were so critical in effecting what sometimes is referred to as the revolution in philosophy. Nor do I wish, again, to point out that he was really a better philosopher than he was a stylist, and that behind the mannerist façade of his sometimes cloying prose there is a remarkably structural armature of logical architecture. He was a powerful arguer and a cunning analyst, but I feel that there is between his achievement and procedure and those of today a rather more fundamental sympathy even than this.

Since the time of Galileo and Newton, and incipiently since long before their time, many thinkers have been persuaded that if science correctly describes the way the world is, then many of the beliefs we are most inclined to regard as true must be based upon illusion, for the scientific description is incompatible with the descriptions which would spontaneously be offered by common sense. It is impossible to summarize the reasonings which lay behind this view, but illustrations of the attitude may be found in Keats's celebrated toast to the confusion of Isaac Newton for "having destroyed the rainbow" — "How all charms fly at the mere touch of cold philosophy!" — and, more recently, in Eddington's troubled conclusion that the desk he leaned on was not really solid if science is to be believed. In Santayana's era, one or another version of materialism recommended itself as the only plausible philosophy a reasonable man might subscribe to, since materialism alone seemed compatible with science, and science seemed too strongly supported to be rejected. But this was then felt to invalidate, not merely common sense, but any claims based upon art, or religion, or morality, or even philosophy itself, all of these having come to be regarded as vagrant productions of human fantasy with neither point nor application in the ultimate scheme of things. The pessimism and disillusionment of late nineteenth-century thought, as well as the Rotarian belief in scientific progress which accompanied it, were direct consequences of this view, and so, too, are the flights into irrationality so unfortunately typical of twentieth-century intellectual attitudes.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

Santayana: the Later Years. A Portrait with Letters. By Daniel Cory. Braziller. $7.50.

The Essential Wisdom of Santayana. By T. N. Munson. Columbia University Press. $4.50.

Persons and Places. By George Santayana. Scribner's. $7.50.

The Life of Reason. By George Santayana. Collier Books. Five vols. 95c. each, paper.

Santayana was himself a materialist. But he felt no need to jettison the imagination and its expressions, for he developed a remarkable view in accordance with which the imagination itself was a wholly natural thing, so that matter and spirit might be connected in such a way as to salvage the human enterprise in its entirety. Imagination, he contended, springs from material conditions, and is an ideal commentary on them, and science, no less than religion and poetry, metaphysics and morality, is an ideal fulfillment of material conditions and processes. The question is only to chart the limits of these various ideal modes of reflection, but since everything ideal has a natural and material origin, reference to origins can vali-

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date or invalidate none of them, and justification must be sought elsewhere. These views were elaborated in *The Life of Reason*, his masterpiece in many ways. Uninterested in or simply unequipped to scrutinize science in any depth or detail, his remaining philosophical volumes are primarily concerned with religion, art and morality, though he produced, in addition, a metaphysical system in the grand manner, a four-volume work called *Realms of Being*, in which the philosophical presuppositions of his specific investigations were articulated and justified. But it was the *Life of Reason* which earned for him the admiration of many philosophers who found its central teaching a liberation.

It is sometimes said that Santayana brought materialism and idealism together in a naturalistic way. But these words, the catchwords of historians and text writers, have little currency in philosophical discussion today, where philosophers tend increasingly to be, in Nelson Goodman's words, "known by the topics they study rather than the views they hold." Divided, perhaps, on such questions as the value of symbolic logic as a tool of philosophical research, or on the adequacy of ordinary language as a vehicle for analysis, and hence in disaccord at times over the cogency of solutions reached by either of these means, today's philosophers are nevertheless disposed to regard as empty the labels which once identified the partisans of philosophical strife. Yet it seems to me that the recent history of analytical philosophy recapitulates in a way the intellectual crisis which Santayana helped overcome, and that it has broken through to a view of things not dissimilar to the one he achieved. I should like briefly to sketch both that history and that view.

There has been a continuous preoccupation with the concept of meaning ever since it impressed philosophers that it was not their office to compete with or anticipate the sciences by making positive pronouncements of an ordinary, factual kind. Rather, it was their task, in part, to analyze and rationally to reconstruct the significant discourse in which such pronouncements are made. When, then, is discourse significant? An early and influential answer was that unless a sentence is tautologous, it is significant only if it is verifiable, and its meaning simply is its mode of verification. By this criterion, whole bodies of discourse were rendered meaningless, including religious and poetic utterance, moral evaluations and imperatives and, in particular, philosophical statements which do not in any obvious way admit of decisive verification or falsification in terms of experience.

This, apparently, left only scientific language as meaningful, but the Verifiability Criterion of Meaning, once warmly endorsed by a number of uncompromisingly tough philosophers, has few adherents today. It has been abandoned, not as a result of the outraged protests of the metaphysicians and literary men who found it frightening or appalling, but rather because it could not be formulated in a manner which did not require an exclusion of considerable parts of scientific discourse along with the "meaningless" or only "emotively meaningful" sentences of poets, prophets, moralists and speculative philosophical theorists. To have relinquished the Criterion as a result of the sustained criticism which the Criterion's own proponents submitted it to is as impressive an instance of rational surrender as one can find outside of the history of science, and a revealing sign of philosophical maturity.

By itself, however, the collapse of verificationism entailed only the negative consequence that nonverifiable sentences were not automatically meaningless. It remained unclear how they could be appreciated as meaningful. Meanwhile, philosophers began to work with a fresh account of meaning, developed by Ludwig Wittgenstein, in accordance with which the meaning of sentences is bound up with their use.

In this inquiry, no particular category of sentences, and no special sort of use, enjoys any privileged status, nor is there any attempt to assimilate all forms of discourse to a given type. Sentences have different logics in different forms of discourse, and in connection with different forms of life. These views have, in a sense, not so much liberated philosophers from a fixation with scientific language, as they have liberalized the manner in which scientific language might be understood. And at the same time the distinct "logics" of poetic, moral, religious and, pre-eminently, philosophical, discourse are being marked. There is, accordingly, an immense expansion in the subject matter of analytical philosophy, and current explorations, disciplined by the tempering immersion in modern logic, exhibit a catholicity and circumspection, a breadth and virtuosity, which is, in many

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ways, singular in the history of this subject.

In a preface to a late collection of some of his fragments, Santayana wrote: "A philosophy that has touched bottom and has once stripped itself naked, by either a thorough skepticism or a fearless self-scrutiny, when it gathers its forces together to face the world, will not stint the imagination." Seldom, I think, has a philosophical movement stripped itself quite so naked, or gotten quite so close to bottom, as has analytical philosophy. Indeed, it was once prepared to write itself off, together with the whole philosophical tradition, as nonsense and a disease of grammar. Now, however, as it moves forward into old territory with fresh techniques, it might come to recognize Santayana not merely as a precursor but a guide. For it is entering upon terrain he once explored, and his writings might be charts, drawn by a congenial temper, of the varieties of utterance once more validated as fit for philosophical examination. They might, indeed, be found sufficiently engaging to be taken up and given, as all important philosophical work must finally be, the status of contemporaneity. Whether this will in fact happen, no one can say. Philosophy must determine its own history, revitalizing whom it will. I have meant only to suggest the possibility of a connection with the present.

'The Arena Where We Fight'

SELECTED POEMS. By Chairil Anwar. Translated by Burton Raffel and Nurdin Salam. New Directions. 48 pp. $1 paper.

Denise Levertov

I pitched a tent in the twilight
By morning who knows where it had flown off

My house is built of heaped-up poems
Here is where I married and had children

Chairil Anwar lived only twenty-seven years and left only about seventy-five poems behind him. Yet he has been a major force in Indonesian poetry. Open this selection almost anywhere, and one knows at once that this was a pure poet; that is, not one who chose to be a poet and earnestly and with more or less ambition cultivated a talent — a way of life that accounts for about 95 per cent of contemporary poetry — but one who could not help himself, who did not choose but (even though he wrote little and not easily) was chosen; a poet as Garcia Lorca was a poet, or Hart Crane.

This by itself might not have made his work influential in the development of other young poets; but it seems that Anwar's brief years of literary activity coincided not only with the social and political ferment preceding and immediately following the end of Japanese rule in Indonesia, but also with a period of flux and development in the Indonesian language, so that in his stripping away of flounces, his brilliant use of what he found in foreign poets, his searching candor and technical courage, Anwar was "purifying the language of the tribe" with special pertinence.

Anwar was born in Sumatra in 1922, moved to Java as a boy, and for financial reasons was unable to continue his formal education beyond the second year of high school. He fought as a guerrilla against the Dutch, consorted with sailors and prostitutes, and died in 1949 from the combined attack of typhus and tuberculosis upon a system already weakened by syphilis. Certain Dutch writers — "Multatule" ("an eccentric breaker-of-images," and "the one exciting writer in the doldrums of the Dutch nineteenth century," says James Holmes in his introduction) and Henrik Marsman, whose poetry of the early twenties perhaps gave Anwar his first example of the possibilities of organic form; and after the war the contemporary English and American poets whose books he found in the libraries of the British and United States information services in Djakarta—these seem to have been nourishing influences, as was the folk poetry of the archipelago. But even in translation one can feel that Anwar was continually absorbing anything and everything into his *own* life, his *own* poetry. "I'll dig down," he had written to a friend during the war, "and root out every word until I've gone deep enough to find the germinal word, the germinal image."

Burton Raffel, whose work as a translator is always notably intelligent and artistic, has collaborated here with the Indonesian writer and scholar Nurdin Salam to make us feel the fascination of Anwar's poetic presence. In a

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prefatory note, Mr. Raffel points out that he has adhered to Anwar's "seemingly erratic" punctuation, use of omission of initial capitals, etc.; he has understood that Anwar knew these things as integral parts of the poem. "A line," writes Raffel, "that begins with a capital letter has for him a different weight than one beginning with a lower-case letter; a line ending with a period or a comma has a different speed and flow than one ending of its own motion alone." This is still something generally unrealized or misunderstood, and every intelligent restatement of it is important. In the process of translation these nuances can rarely be reproduced with validity, but I surmise — despite my complete ignorance of Indonesian — that Raffel has written his English versions in the spirit of the original and created equivalent effects, so that the best ones stand on their own feet in the new language, and even those that fall short of that autonomy give one a keen sense of what the tone of the original must be.

At the Mosque

I shouted at Him
Until He came

We met face to face.

Afterwards He burned in my breast.
All my strength struggles to
extinguish Him

My body, which won't be driven, is
soaked with sweat

This room
Is the arena where we fight

Destroying each other
One hurling insults, the other gone
mad.

I hope that having introduced Anwar to American readers with these thirty-six poems, the Asia Society, which commissioned the translations, will go further and give us the rest of Anwar's work, including any prose (stories? criticism?) that may exist. The introduction by James S. Holmes is useful and interesting, but in its brevity inevitably leaves one with many questions: How long did Anwar spend as a guerrilla fighter? How did he live the rest of the time? Which American poets, besides those mentioned (Emily Dickinson, Eliot, Auden) is he known to have read? (Williams? Cummings? Pound?) Had he made a beginning on the Lorca translations he mentioned in a letter shortly before his death? A larger volume would supply the answers to these questions; and no doubt — since Anwar was essentially dynamic — would raise others. Meanwhile, we have encountered briefly a representative of "the real thing." Fierce, casual, bitter, tender, these are the poems of a man vividly present, careless of order in his living, uncompromisingly engaged in the order and life of the poem.

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BRUCKNER: Mass No. 3, f-minor. Pilar Lorengar, soprano; Christa Ludwig, alto; Josef Traxel, tenor; Walter Berry, bass. Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, Berlin, Berlin Symphony; Karl Forster, cond. Angel 35982 (S).

Symphony No. 9. Berlin Philharmonic; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. DGG 18854.

BYRD: Mass for five voices. Ave Verum Corpus: *Magnificat, Nunc Dimittis.* Choir of King's College, Cambridge, David Willcocks, cond. London 5725; OS 25725 (S).

CARTER: Piano Sonata. Charles Rosen, piano. Suite from *Pocahontas.* Zürich Radio Orchestra; Jacques Monod, cond. Epic LC 3850; BC 1250 (S).

CHANLER: *The Pot of Fat.* Dixie Stewart, soprano. Arthur Burrows, baritone; Bruce Abel, baritone. CRI Chamber Orchestra; Jorge Mester, cond. CRI 162.

CHOPIN: Mazurkas (Vol. 1, Nos. 1-21). Alexander Brailowsky, piano. Columbia ML 5802; MS 6402 (S).

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DVORAK: Symphony No. 4, Op. 88. Philharmonia Orchestra; Carlo Maria Giulini, cond. Angel 35847 (S).

HAYDN: Nelson Mass. Sylvia Stahlman, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Wilfred Brown, tenor; Tom Krause, baritone. Choir of King's College, Cambridge; London Symphony, David Willcocks, cond. London 5731; 25731 (S).

The Paris Symphonies. L'orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Ernest Ansermet, cond. London CMA 7306; CSA 2306 (S).

MAHLER: Symphony No. 1. Columbia Symphony; Bruno Walter, cond. Columbia ML 5794; MS 6394 (S).

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MILHAUD: *Les Choéphores.* Vera Zorina, McHenry Boatwright, Irene Jordan, vocal soloists. Schola Cantorum; New York Philharmonic; Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia ML 5796; MS 6396 (S).

MOUSSORGSKY: *Boris Godounov.* Boris Christoff; National Opera, Sofia; Paris Conservatoire Orchestra; André Cluytens, cond. Angel 3633 (S).

MOZART: Piano Concerto No. 24, (c-minor), K. 491 (c-minor). Glenn Gould, piano. CBC Symphony; Walter Susskind, cond. SCHOENBERG: Piano Concerto, Op. 42. Glenn Gould, piano. CBC Symphony; Robert Craft, cond. Columbia ML 5739; MS 6339 (S).

Cosi fan Tutte. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Christa Ludwig, Alredo Kraus, Giuseppe Taddei, Hanny Steffek, Walter Berry, soloists. Philharmonic Orchestra and Chorus; Karl Böhm, cond. Angel 3631 (S).

Don Giovanni. Teresa Stich-Randall, Anna Moffo, Suzanne Danco, Antonio Campo, Nicolai Gedda, Marcello Cortis, Raffaele Arie, soloists. Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire; Hans Rosbaud, cond. Vox OPBX 162/3.

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WE THE UNDERSIGNED,

believing with the United States Supreme Court that the right to travel is a part of the liberty guaranteed to all Americans by the Constitution, deplore the various restrictions placed upon individuals seeking to exercise that right.

We feel that the 59 young Americans who traveled to Cuba in the summer of 1963 with regular passports, had a right to defy a public notice to the contrary issued by the State Department and that such action was in the best tradition of supporting our fundamental law by disobedience to unwarranted regulations.

On September 27, 1963, a Federal Grand Jury indicted three young men for traveling to Cuba. The three who were indicted as well as the others who were not, by risking imprisonment and fines brought to the attention of the country the arbitrary and unconstitutional restrictions imposed on the American people. In doing so they were also utilizing the only means available through which the courts could affirm and protect constitutional guarantees.

We call on our fellow Americans concerned with the survival of the Constitution to help provide the best defense possible so that the issues which these young people have raised may be properly resolved in the courts.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

J. P. Donleavy is a gifted writer. The play he has made from his novel *The Ginger Man* (Orpheum Theatre) is well worth seeing.

Some may say that it is not a play, that it lacks progression, that it doesn't conform to the canons of dramaturgy as determined by the academies. All this is unimportant. A play is anything that conveys an experience of life when acted in a theatre. *The Ginger Man* has a form befitting its content.

The content itself is odd. It is not in the usual sense a "character study." Its central figure, Sebastian Balfe Dangerfield is, like the author himself, an American of Irish extraction, a student of law at Trinity in Dublin. He is in flight from virtually everything. Though Dangerfield makes the gestures of preparing for exams, it is evident that he has no serious intention of becoming a barrister or even of going through with the curriculum. He speaks of having been a "naval man," but this strikes one more as fantasy than as fact. The sea connotes freedom for him, but even this is uncertain. For we might ask, if we are so minded, why does he not become a sailor?

He marries an English Protestant girl (he himself has Catholic antecedents), he has a child by her, he drinks, he beats his wife, he lives in squalor, he does not pay his rent; he expects money from home, but it is clear that he despises his presumably wealthy father. He borrows money which he has no thought of repaying. He has only one friend, Kenneth O'Keefe, another Irish-American student at Trinity, a Harvard graduate with a knowledge of Greek and Latin. O'Keefe is a virgin at twenty-six, unattractive, penurious, sex-obsessed and as uncommitted to any specific objective as Dangerfield himself.

When Dangerfield's wife, Marion, leaves him and returns to England he casually seduces a Miss Frost who has come to stay at Marion's newly rented apartment. Dangerfield leaves for London with no particular goal in mind.

None of this is "explained." The play contains very little "psychology." How and why did Dangerfield become the foulmouthed, blasphemous, aimless, dream-ridden person he is? Because he hates his father who, for all we know, is an affluent Boston Irish politician? It doesn't matter. "I only want peace," Dangerfield says, "not ownership of even women and, I hope, not men. I just don't want to be watched and trailed."

He is a loose end. He is not justified, not made "sympathetic," though Miss Frost, to whom he reaches out for comfort, senses that he is a "gentleman." He is that part of our civilization which has fallen away from family, religion, marital ties, profession, country. He is a lone ego which nothing in our world is able to hold. Kenneth O'Keefe is the same; he says: "Perhaps I'll join the Jews and fight the Arabs. Or join the Arabs and fight the Jews. It doesn't matter." Yet we discern in him a gentle soul whom we know to be without prejudice or malice. Both men are amoral without being evil, destructive without sin.

We recognize the mood and the symptoms from literature, if not from life. But in Donleavy there is no program, no preachment, no pretension. Even such surprising strokes of portraiture as Dangerfield's constantly wrapping himself in a blanket to keep out the "cold," his desire to be placed inside a loaf of bread, his indifference to the reality of physical objects or his hostility to them (he breaks furniture inadvertently and poisons a plant deliberately) are applied to the play's canvas as comic *non sequiturs*. Donleavy isn't proving anything.

The genteel and frightened darling, Miss Frost, is part of the same picture. She is thirty-four, spinsterish, a communicant of the Church, and has had an "affair" previous to her falling into Dangerfield's clutches. She is appalled by her mortal sin, gratified in her senses, undemanding and bereft of any help in an Ireland which she remarks is a difficult country for women. (Ireland is tangentially created, and seems peculiarly right as a background for this essentially poetic piece reflecting a world without shape or compass.) Only Marion, Dangerfield's wife, establishes a norm and in this atmosphere strikes one as the only alien, just as the child she bore to Dangerfield is presented as a creature of no consequence.

Donleavy's writing has great naturalness and humor and a muscularity apparently unaware of itself.

The play has been admirably directed by Leo Garen. The cast, despite occasional lapses from clear articulation on the part of the men, is excellent. Everyone must be cited in praise: Patrick O'Neal, a fine face, figure and manner for the part of Dangerfield; Stefan Gierasch, pathetically funny as O'Keefe; Margaret Phillips, exactly right as Dangerfield's wife, and Marion Seldes, adorable in a real characterization as Miss Frost.

Leaving for Buenos Aires

Do not go John said
you will regret
the sun the lack of contact
the sun and buildings like
the sun a cube of salt and
the sun dried army blood on
the sun white walls where she
the sun sits weeping beside
the sun a door; this
the sun is a mistake
the sun the net is still in
the sun your mind; you and
the sun she cannot excise
the sun the dream; there is
the sun no humming bird but
the sun a London sparrow
the sun dead on
the sun dead ground
do not go said John.

Alex Neish

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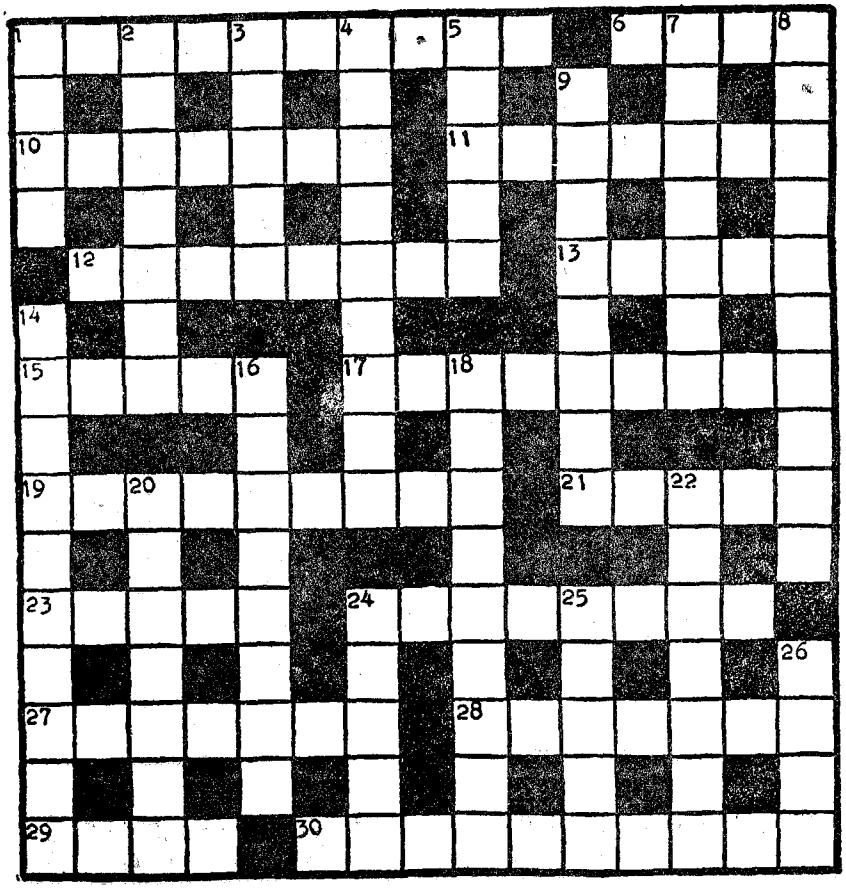
Crossword Puzzle No. 1037

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 There should be a point to such a telegram — possibly protecting an investment in stock. (6, 4)
6 To proceed in a faulty way isn't descriptive of the firm. (4)
10 Eisenhower's was in Europe, as it should be brought back in the raw.
11 See 14 down
12 How one imagined what the gallery halls should be like. (8)
13 Novel, or name of a heroine in it.
15 Undisguised overtone, lacking unity. (5)
17 You don't have to swear to be one.
19 Strata where coal might be found? Drops from it might be dangerous.
21 One might make a good jack-knife. (5)
23 Scotland and the Brooklyn Navy?
24 Return one aspect of the man of carriage. (4, 4)
27 If so, never a long story, nor this. (2, 5)
28 How to dream up something in the way of the Hindustani magi, necessarily. (7)
29 He could be looked up in either a Bible or a thesaurus. (4)
30 Where the water might go when towns get rebuilt in vain fancy.

DOWN:

1 and 18 down Grovel or sidle, for example, to a grammarian might be something like a split-T. (4, 9)
2 It's not unusual to find it here, or far out in emptiness. (7)
3 Is it strictly correct to compel payment? (5)
4 See 14 down
5 Equipment I would consider quite the opposite of 6. (5)
7 It's not well to have an airy sort in the old country. (7)
8 People like to receive notes from them, but businessmen reputedly do more than Bachelors. (10)
9 Some fronts are like medicine to a radical type. (8)
14 4 down and 11 across Dewey line? (3, 3, 4, 4, 5, 7)
16 The office of speaking? (Wives hate to have their husbands do so.) (4, 4)
18 See 1 down
20 She had to wait for her lawyer. (7)
22 A couple of hundred are found in a trailer, as a preventive measure.
24 Headgear to fit a Bishop. (5)
25 The nicest thing about a critter?
26 Initial stage country, if it had any.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1036

ACROSS: 1 Balancing act; 9 Moratorium; 11 Gendarme; 12 Nearly; 13 Ernes; 15 Evanston; 16 Stewards; 19 Safer; 21 Bon mot; 22 Outcrops; 24 Well; 25 Galvanized; 26 Demonologist. DOWN: 2 Aforementioned; 3 and 10 Abandon ship; 4 Choir; 5 Naivete; 6 Armenians; 7 Tuscans; 8 Bibliographers; 14 Stratagem; 17 Wimpled; 18 Stollen; 20 Farming; 23 Trail.

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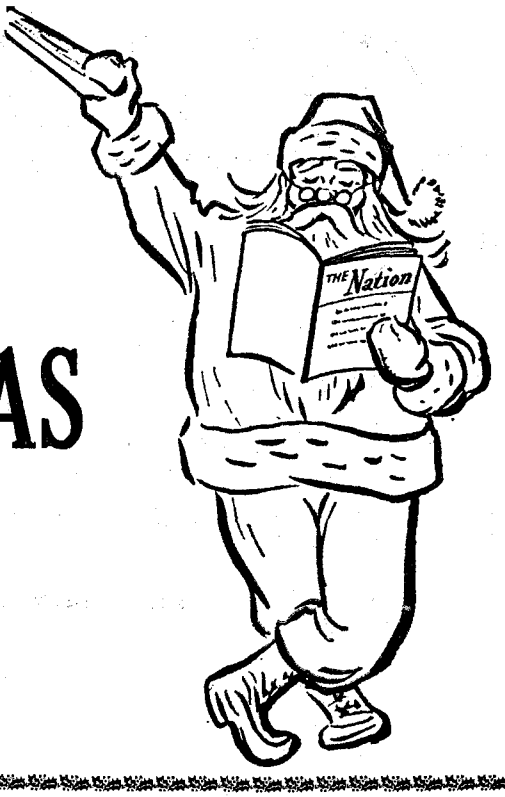

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